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JULIUS CAESAR

A TRAGEDY

BY W. SHAKESPEAR

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

SELECTED FROM

DR. JOHNSON'S AND MR. STEEVENS'S

COMMENTARIES.

GOETTINGEN

TO BE SOLD BY A. VANDENHOEK'S WIDOW

1777.



Persons represented.

Julius Caesar.

Octavius Caesar, } *Triumvirs after the Death of*
M. Antony, } *Julius Caesar.*
M. Aemil. Lepidus.]

Cicero.

Brutus, Cassius etc. Conspirators against Caesar.

Popilius Lena, } *Senators.*
Publius.]

Flavius } *Tribunes and enemies to Caesar.*
Marullus }

Messala } *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
Titinius }

Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

Young Cato.

Cinna a Poet.

Another poet.

Lucius etc. Servants to Brutus.

Pindarus, Servant of Cassius.

Ghost of Julius Caesar.

Cobler. Carpenter. Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, wife to Caesar.

Portia, wife to Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

Scene, for the three first acts, at Rome: afterwards, at an Isle near Mutina; at Sardis: and Philippi.



JULIUS CAESAR

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A STREET IN ROME.

*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain
Commoners.*

Flav. **H**ence, home, you idle creatures, get
you home.

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought no walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy
rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, Sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine work-
man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

A

Mar.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad soals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters; but with all. I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper man as ever trod upon neats leather have gone upon my handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself in more work. But indeed, Sir, to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? what conquests brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You block, you stones, you worse than senseless things,

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have fate
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath his banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Be gone.

Run to your houses, fall upon your Knees,
 Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and, for
 this fault

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tyber's bank, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

(*Exeunt Commoners.*)

See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the capitol,
 This way will I: disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter. Let no images
 Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluckt from Caesar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE II.

Enter Caesar, Antony for the course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer.

Caes. Calphurnia —

Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Caes. Calphurnia —

Calph. Here, my Lord.

Caes. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his Course. — Antonius! —

Ant. Caesar, my Lord —

Caes. Forget not in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
 When Caesar says, *do this*, it is perform'd.

Caes. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Caesar —

Caes. Ha! who call's?

Casca. Bid every noise be still. — Peace!
 yet again?

Caes. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
 I hear

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music, cry,

Caesar. Speak! Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Caes. What man is that?

Bru. A Soothsayer bids you beware the Ides
of march.

Caes. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Casca. Fellow come from the throng. Look
upon Caesar.

Caes. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Caes. He is a dreamer; let us leave him —
Pass.

(*Sennet **) (*Exeunt Caesar and Train.*)

Cas. Will you go see the order of the Course

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am no gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd — If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,

A 3

Of

*) *Sennet* derived from *senneste* an antiquated French
tune formerly used in the army.

Of late, with *) passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
 Among which number, Cassius, be you one,
 Nor construe any farther my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
 passion;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
 But by reflexion by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome
 (Except immortal Caesar) speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
 Cassius,
 That you would have me seek into myself,
 For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to
 hear.

And since you know, you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflexion; I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself

That

*) With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires.

That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
 Were I a common laughter, or did use
 To stale *) with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protestor; if you know,
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them; or if you know,
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

(Flourish and shout).

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear,
 the people

Chuse Caesar for their king.

Caes. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think, you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
 well —

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set Honour in one eye, and Death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently;

For let the Gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, Honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

A 4

I was

*) To invite every new protestor to my Affection by
 the stale or allurements of customary oaths.

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
 Caesar says to me, "dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 "Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 "And swim to yonder point?" — Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bid him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with heart of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Caesar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
 I, as Aeneas, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
 Tyber

Did I the tired Caesar: and this man
 Is now become a God; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever, when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this God did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd — "give me some drink, Titinius" —
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestick world,
And bear the palm alone. (*Shout. Flourish.*)

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world.

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Caesar! what should be in that
Caesar?

Why should that name be founded, more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as Caesar.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
sham'd:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great
flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
Now it is Rome, indeed; and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that could have brook'd

The eternal *) devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What would you work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might intreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Enter Caesar and his Train.

Bru. The games are done; and Caesar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you,
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to day.

Bru. I will do so. — But look you, Cassius,
The angry sport doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero

Looks

*) *L. J. Brutus*, says Cassius, would as soon have submitted to the *perpetual dominion* of a devil, as to the lasting government of a king.

Looks with such ferret *), and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crost in conf'rence by some senators.

Caes. Calca will tell us what the matter is.

Caes. Antonius —

Ant. Caesar —

Caes. (*To Ant. apart.*) Let me have men about
me that are fat;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not danger-
ous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Caes. 'Would he were fatter: — but I fear
him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon, as that spare Cassius. He reads much,
He is a great observer; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee, what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou thinkst of him.

(*Exeunt Caesar and his train.*)

Manent

*) A ferret has red eyes.

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to day,

That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca, what hath chanc'd?

Casca. Why there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown — yes 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth

loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked Caesar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you — What? did Caesar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not, what you mean by that; but I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they used to do the Players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. An' I had been *) a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at his word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: and so he fell. When he came to himself

*) Had J been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians, to whom he offered his throat.

self again, he said, *if he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity.* Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *alas, good soul!* — and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Csca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; farewell both. *Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.

This

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words,
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so. Till then, think of the
world. (*Exit Brutus.*)

Well, Brutus thou art noble: yet, I see,
Thy honourable *) metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus:
If I where Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me †. I will, this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Caesar set him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
(*Exit.*)

SCE-

*) *Metal* or *temper* worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution.

† His love should not *humour* me, not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles.

SCENE III.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn, and Cicero meeting him.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Caesar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they
saw

Men,

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even, at noon-day, upon the market place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 These are their reasons — they are natural;
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed
 sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. *(Exit Cicero.)*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
 is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full
 of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night;
 And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
 And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 B The

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts;
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children *) calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven has infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean: is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who is: for Romans now

Have

*) To calculate a nativity is the technical term. This line might perhaps be more properly placed before the preceding verse.

Have thewes *) and limbs like to their ancestors;
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers spirits:
 Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to
 morrow

Mean to establish Caesar as a king:
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
 then:

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
 Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
 Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves

B 2

For

*) *Thewes* is an old obsolete word implying *nerves*
 or *muscular strength*.

For the base matter, to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Caesar? But, o grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know,
 My answer *) must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
 That is no flaring tell-tale. Hold my hand:
 Be factious **) for redrefs of all these griefs;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element
 It favours ***) like the work, we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
 in haste.

Cas.

*) I shall be called to account, and must answer as
 for seditious words.

**) *Factious*, says Mr. Johnson, seems here to mean
active. We explain it, *let us conjure*.

***) We should rather read *is favour'd*. Perhaps
 Shakespear made a verb from the substantive *fa-
 vour*, i. e. countenance, i. e. *it is in appearance
 or countenance like etc.* Favour is, look, counte-
 nance, appearance.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend — Cinna where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are. O Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party —

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this
paper,

And look you lay it in the Praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone,
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers, as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
(Exit Cinna.)

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits highly in all the people's
hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,

Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need
of him,
You have right well conceiv'd. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Brutus's Garden. Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho! —
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess, how near to day. — Lucius, I say! —
I would, it were my fault, to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say, what,
Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. *(Exit.)*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my
part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd: —
How that may change his nature, there's the ques-
tion.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him —
that —

And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remor-

Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Caesar,

I have not known, when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common*) proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the

quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is;
Fashion it thus, that, what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous;

And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up: and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

(Gives him the letter.)

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to morrow, boy, the Ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the Kalendar, and bring me
word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *(Exit.)*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,

B 4

Give

*) *A common experiment.*

Give so much light, that I may read by them.

(Opens the letter and reads.)

Brutus, thou sleepest; awake, and see thyself!

Shall Rome — speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleepest; awake! —

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome — Thus must I piece it out:

"Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? what!

Rome?

„My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

„The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king."

Speak, strike, redress! — Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome! I make the promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

(Knocks within.)

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body
knocks. (Exit Lucius.)

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The*) genius, and the mortal instruments

Are

*) The *genius*, i. e. the soul or spirit, which should govern; and the *mortal instrument*, i. e. the man, with, all his bodily, that is, his earthly passions, such as envy, pride, *are then in council*, i. e. debating upon the horrid action that is to be done; the inferior powers rising and rebelling against the superior.

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *) *Cassius* at the
door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir; their hats are pluckt about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour. (*Exit Lucius.*)

Bru. Let them enter.

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O then, by day,

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Con-
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter Cassius, Casca, Decimus, Cinna, Metel-
lus, and Trebonius.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus: do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.

B 5

Know

*) *Cassius* married *Junia*, Brutus's sister.

Know I these men that come along with you?

(Aside.)

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man
here,

But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? *(They whisper.)*

Dec. Here lies the East: doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey
lines,

That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both
deceiv'd,

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the
North

He first presents his fire; and the high East
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by
one.

Cas.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high fought tyranny range on,
'Til each man drop by *) lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? What other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he doth break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cas.

*) Shakespear in *Coriolanus*:

*By decimation, and a tythed death,
Take thou thy fate.*

Cas. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with
him;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: — I think, it is
not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should out-live Caesar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Caesar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius;
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! but, alas!
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
 Which, so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Caesar's arm,
 When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
 For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
 If he love Caesar, all that he can do
 Is to himself; *) take thought, and die for Caesar:
 And that were much, he should: for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

(Clock strikes.)

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no:
 For he is superstitious grown of late;
 Quite from the **) main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And

*) *Take thought*, as Mr. Johnson remarks, is, *turn melancholy*.

**) *Main opinion* is *leading, fixed, predominant opinion*.

And the perswasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erfway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being there most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
him.

Bru. By the eighth hour. Is that the utter-
most?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us. We'll
leave you, Brutus —
And, friends! disperse yourselves: but all remem-
ber

What you have said, and shew yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy.
And so, good-morrow to you every one. (*Exeunt.*)

Manet

Manet Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! — Fast asleep? It is no matter.
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise
 you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have un-
 gently, Brutus,
 Stol'n from my bed: And, yesternight at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross:
 And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
 I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
 Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not;
 But with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometimes has his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru,

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: — Good Portia, go
to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort *) your bed,
And

*) *Comfort*, is right. Henry VIII, in Cavendish's
life of Wolsey, said in commendation of queen
Katharine: „She hath beene to me a true obe-
dient wife, and comfortable a I could wish,,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
 suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know
 this secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
 A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
 A woman well-reputed Cato's daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife! (*Knock.*)
 Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
 And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagement I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows: —
 Leave me with haste. (*Exit Portia.*)

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak
 with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of. —
 C. Boy,

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius, To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!

Cai. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome! Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins! Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, And I will strive with things impossible; Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That we must also. What it is my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going, To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot; And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you, To do I know not what: but it sufficeth, That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCE-

SCENE II.

Changes to Caesar's Palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Caesar.

Caes. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at
peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder Caesar." Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Caes. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinion of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. *(Exit.)*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you
to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Caes. Caesar shall forth. The things, that
threatened me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies, *)
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:

C 2

The

*) I never paid a ceremonious regard to prodigies
or omens.

The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
 O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Caes. What can be avoided,
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
 Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these predictions
 Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
 seen:

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
 princes.

Caes. Cowards die many times before their
 deaths;

The valiant never taste of death, but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
 to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

(Exit Servant.)

Caes. The Gods do this in shame of cowardice:
 Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Caesar shall not: Danger knows full well,
 That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
 We were two lions litter'd in one day,

And

And I the elder and more terrible;
And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he will say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caes. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Caesar:

I come to fetch you in the senate-house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Caes. Shall Caesar send a lye?
Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth? —
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come. —

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some
cause,
Left I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
 She dreamt last night she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 And these she does apply for warnings and portents,
 And evils imminent; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
 It was a vision, fair, and fortunate:
 Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Roman bath'd,
 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
 For *) tinctures, stains, reliks and cognisance.
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now; the senate have concluded
 To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
 If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
 "Break up the senate 'till another time,
 „When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."

If

*) There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognisance*; the other to martyrs, whose *reliques* are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Brutus, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.

If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Caesar is afraid!"

Pardon me Caesar; for my dear, dear, love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calphurnia.

I am ashamed, I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, Caesar.

Caes. Welcome, Publius —

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? —

Good-morrow, Casca — Caius Ligarius,

Caesar was ne'er so much your ennemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean. —

What is't o' clock?

Bru. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up: — Good morrow, An-
tony!

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Caes. Bid them prepare within —

I am to blame to be thus waited for. —

Now, Cinna — now Metellus — what Tre-
bonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you:

Remember that you call on me to-day.

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will. — And so near will
I be, (Aside.)
That your best friends shall wish I had been further. —

Caes. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me:
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, o Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon! (Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

Changes to a street near the Capitol.
Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

*Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust
not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius
Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius.
There is but one mind in all these men, and
it is bent against Caesar. If thou be'st not immortal,
look about you; security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty Gods defend thee!*

Thy Lover,
Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, 'till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, o Caesar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traytors do contrive. (Exit.)

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I pry' thee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. —
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard is it for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
look well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pry'thee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast
thou been?

Art. At my own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, lady. If it will please Caesar

To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended towards him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance;
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng, that Caesar follows at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. (*Exit.*)

Por. I must go in — ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! o Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me: — Brutus hath a suit,

That Caesar will not grant. — O, I grow faint: —

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my Lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
(*Exeunt severally.*)

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

The street.

The Capitol; The senate sitting.

Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Caes. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a
suit

That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

Caes. What touches us ourselves, shall be last
serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly

Caes. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the
street?

Come to the Capitol.

(Caesar enters the Capitol, the rest following.)

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may
thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to day our enterprize might
thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius, or Caesar, never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant.

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look
you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.

Caes. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat (*Kneeling.*)
A humble heart: —

Caes. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn *) preordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think, that Caesar bears such rebel blood,
That

*) *Preordinance*, for ordinance already established.
Instead of, *the lane of children*, Mr. Johnson
reads, *into the law of children*, into such slight
determinations as every start of will would alter.

That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that wich melteth fools; I mean, sweet
words,
Low-crooked courtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Caesar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Caes. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caes. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and *) apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd

*.) *Susceptible of fear, or other passions.*

Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he.
 Let me a little shew it, even in this;
 That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd;
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Caesar —

Caes. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar —

Caes. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak hands for me. *(They stab Caesar.)*

Caes. *Et tu, Brute?* — Then fall Caesar!
(Dies.)

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyrannie is dead! —
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry
 out,

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
 Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of
 Caesar's

Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good
 cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
 Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Casca. And leave us, Publius; lest that the
 people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed,
 But we the doers.

Enter

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and
run,

As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures: —
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of
life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans
stoop:

And let us bathe our hand in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

Cas. Stoop then and wash. How many ages
hence

(Dipping their swords in Caesar's blood.)

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar blood in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What shall we forth?

Cas.

Cas. Ay, every man away:
 Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
 With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
 (Kneeling)

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
 Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
 Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
 Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead,
 So well as Brutus living, but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
 I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. (Exit Servant.)

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind,
 That fears him much: and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose. *Enter*

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. — Welcome Mark Antony. —

Ant. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well. —
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is *) rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see, we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark An-
tony:

Our

*) Who else may be supposed to have overtopped
his equals, and grown too high for the public
safety.

Our arms *) in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I strook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you —

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand —

Now, Decius Brutus, yours — now yours, Me-

Itellus —

Yours, Cinna — and, my valiant Casca, yours —

Tho' last, not least in love, yours, good Trebo-

nus.

Gentlemen all — alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stand on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer. —

That I did love thee, Caesar, oh, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most

*) *Our arms in strength.* To you, says Brutus, our
swords have leaden points; our arms, strong in
the deed of malice they have just performed, and
our hearts united like those of brothers in the action,
are yet open to receive you with all possible af-
fection.

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bay'd,
 brave hart;

Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy *) lethe.
 O world! thou wast the forest of this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony —

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
 The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was,
 indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
 Caesar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That, were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
 You should be satisfied.

D 2

Ant.

*) *Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of
 novels, for *death*.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit: as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not, what you do; do not consent.
(*Aside.*)

That Antony speak in his funeral;
Know you, how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Caesar's death;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;
And say, you do't by our permission,
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
(*Exeunt Conspirators.*)

Manet

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue; —
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the various parts of Italy:
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge,
 With Atē by his side, come hot from hell
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *) *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Caesar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —
 O Caesar! (Seeing the body.)

D 3

Ant.

*) *Havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given.

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
 Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
 hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
 Into the market place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. (*Exeunt with Caesar's body.*)

SCENE II.

The Forum.

*Enter Brutus and Cassius, with the
 Plebeians.*

Pleb. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
 friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers. —

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And publick reasons shall be rendered
 Of Caesar's death.

Pleb.

Pleb. I will hear Brutus speak.

Pleb. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

(Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians, Brutus goes unto the rostrum.)

Pleb. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friends of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: — Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and dye all slaves; than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.
I have done no more to Caesar, than you shall do
to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled
in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein
he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for
which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony:
who though he has no hand in his death, shall re-
ceive the benefit of his dying, a place in the com-
monwealth; as which of you shall not? With this
I depart; that as I slew my best lover for the good
of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when
it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1. *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto
his house.

2. *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *Pleb.* Let him be Caesar.

4. *Pleb.* Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1. *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with
shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen —

2. *Pleb.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1. *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *(Exit)*

1. *Pleb.*

1. *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Pleb.* Let him go up unto the public chair,
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake; I am beholden to you.

4. *Ple.* What does he say of Brutus?

3. *Ple.* He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4. *Ple.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Ple.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

3. *Ple.* Nay, that's certain.

We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

2. *Ple.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans —

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears.

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones:

So let it be with Caesar! The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Caesar answerd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful, and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He has brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak, what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1. *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in
this sayings,
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

3. *Pleb.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a
worse
Come in his place.

4. *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not
take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire
with weeping.

3. *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome
than Antony.

4. *Pleb.*

4. *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4. *Pleb.* We'll hear the will! Read it, Mark
Antony.

All. The will, the will: — We will hear
Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O what would come of it!

4. *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You

You shall read us the will; Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers stabb'd Caesar: I do fear it.

4. *Pleb.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2. *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers! The will, read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar, And let me shew you him that made the will. Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2. *Pleb.* Descend. (*He comes down from the pulpit.*)

3. *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4. *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1. *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2. *Pleb.* Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii. —

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark,

Mark, how the blood of Caesar follow'd it;
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
 Judge, O you Gods! how dearly Caesar lov'd him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart:
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which *) all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint **) of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but be-
 hold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1. *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *Pleb.* O noble Caesar!

3. *Pleb.* O woful day!

4. *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1. *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2. *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge:
 out -- seek -- burn -- fire -- kill -- slay! -- let
 not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay countrymen —

1. *Pleb.*

*) Sir Thomas North's Translation of Plutarch has
 these very words: *Pompey's image, which ran
 all a gore blood.*

**) *The impression of pity.*

1. *Pleb.* Peace there: — Hear the noble
Antony.

2. *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise, and honou-

rable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That give me publick leave to speak of him.

For I have neither *) writ, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Shew you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor,

dumb mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny —

1. *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspi-
rators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
speak. *All.*

*) *Penned* and premeditated oration,

All. Peace, ho, hear Antony, most noble
Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know
not what.

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas you know not. I must tell you then. —
You have forgot the will, I told you of.

All. Most true; — the will — let's stay,
and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy - five drachmas.

2. *Pleb.* Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge
his death.

3. *Pleb.* O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar: When comes such another?

1. *Pleb.* Never, never: come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors houses.
Take up the body.

2. *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any
thing.

(*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*)

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now,
fellow? *Enter*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

*Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the
Plebeians.*

Cin. I dreamt to night; that I did feast with
Caesar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1. *Pleb.* What is your name?

2. *Pleb.* Wither are you going?

3. *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4. *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2. *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1. *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4. *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3. *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a ba-
chelor? Then to answer every man directly and
briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say, I am
a bachelor.

2. *Pleb.*

2. *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed: Directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

1. *Pleb.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2. *Pleb.* That matter is answerd directly.

4. *Pleb.* For your dwelling: — Briefly

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. *Pleb.* Your name, sir. Truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he is a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4. *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck out his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands.

To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house,

And some to Casca's; some to Ligarius's: Away: —
Go. (Exeunt.)

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

On a small Island near Mutina.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die. Their names are prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

E

Lep,

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition, Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live. Look, with a spot I
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. (*Exit Lepidus.*)

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius: and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to ran directly on;

His

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
 On *) objects, arts, and imitations;
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things. — Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers: we must strait make head,
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
 Our best friends made, our best means stretch;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answer'd.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some, that smile, have, in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's tent, in the camp, near Sardis.

Drum.

Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come

E 2

To

*) Antony, devoted to pleasure and ambition, calls him *barren-spirited*, who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *speculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanic operations*.

To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. — Your master,
Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius —

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *(March within.)*

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd: —
March gently on to meet him.

Cas.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! Wrong I my ene-
mies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs,

And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly. — I do know you
well: —

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love, from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our confe-
rence.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

The inside of Brutus's tent.

Re - enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this:

E 3

You

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I know the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus, that speak this;
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To *) hedge me in; I am a soldier; ay,

Older

*) To limit my authority by your direction or cen-
sure.

Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make *) conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are no Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, — tempt me no
further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible? —

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. Ail this! ay more. Fret, 'till your proud
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you: For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, — you
wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier; not a better:

E 4

Did

*) To know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal.

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! —

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me; --
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: — he was but a fool,

That

That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath
riv'd my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise *) them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come;
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! --- There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforc'd, shews a hasty spark,

E 5

And

*) When you force them into my notice, by practi-
sing them on me.

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too. (*Embracing.*)

Cas. O Brutus! —

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave
me,

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think, your mother chides, and leave you so.
(*A noise within.*)

Poet within. Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. within. You shall not come to them.

Poet within. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you
mean.

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye. *)

Cas. Ha, ha; — how vilely doth this cynick
rhime!

Bru.

*) v, Homer II. I. v. 259.

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow,
hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
his time:

What should the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, begone. (*Exit Poet.*)

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us. (*Exeunt Lucil. and Titin.*)

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use;
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: — Portia's dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia! —

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross't you
so? —

O insupportable and touching loss! —

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; (for with her
death

That tidings came) with this she fell distract,

And,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Re-enter Lucius with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. (*Drinks.*)

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge: —
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius: — Welcome,
good Messala. —

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you. —

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of out-lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead;

And

And by that order of proscription —
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her
in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. — We must
die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should en-
dure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do
you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:

So shall we waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For

For they have grudg'd us contribution:
 The enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on, refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,
 If at Philippi we do face him there,
 These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother —

Bru. Under your pardon. — You must note
 beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe;
 The enemy increaseth every day,
 We at the height are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now a-float;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on; we will
 along
 Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our
 talk,
 And nature must obey necessity;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say.

Cas. No more. Good night:
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. (*Exit Luc.*) Farewell,
 good Messala,
 Good night, Titinius. — Noble, noble Cassius,
 Good

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls,
Let it not, Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius with the gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. *(Exeunt.)*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and
sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you: we will stand, and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs.
It may be, I shall other wise bethink me!
Look, Lucius; here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your Lordship did not give
it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And

And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done: and thou shalt sleep
again;

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee. (*Musick and a song.*)

This is a sleepy tune: — O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee musick? — Gentle knave, good
night.

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see. — Is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

(*He sits down to read.*)

Enter the ghost of Caesar.

How ill tis taper burns! — ha! who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me: — Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well: then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. (*Exit Ghost.*)

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. ---

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. ---

Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs! awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he is still at his instrument. ---

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out:

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow! thou! awake!

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,

And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Ca. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so: their battles are at hand,
They mean to *) warn us at Philippi here,
Answering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places: and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage:
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
(*March.*)

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and
talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Ma-

*) To warn seems to mean to alarm, Hammer reads,
to wage us.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,

Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

Crying, „Long live! hail, Caesar!,,

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingleless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony;

And very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bond-men, kissing Caesar's feet;

While damned Casca, like a cur behind,

Struck Caesar on the neck. Oh you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! now, Brutus, thank yourself;

This tongue had not offended thus to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, 'till Caesar's three and twenty wounds

Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the swords of traitors.

Bru. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such
honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away:
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

(Exeunt Octavius, Antony and army.)

Cas. Why, now blow wind; swell billow;
and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

(Lucilius and Messala stand forth.)

Luc. My lord. *(Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.)*

Cas. Messala.

Mess. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; at this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind;
And partly credit things, that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consoorted us:

This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; there shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The Gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall!
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; (I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:) arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work, the Ides of March begun;
 And, whether we shall meet again, I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
 If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. — O that a man
 might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. — Come, ho. Away.
 (*Exeunt*)

SCENE II.

Alarm. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
 bills

Unto the legions, on the other side: (*Loud alarm.*)
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing:
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala: Let them all come down.
 (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Alarm. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all inclos'd.

Enter

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord: — fly further off.

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. — Look, look,
Titinius.

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
(*Exit.*)

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My sight was ever thick. — Regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breathed first: time is come round;
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

Pind. Above. Oh, my lord?

Cas. What news?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur; —
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
now;

Titinius! Now some 'light: — oh, he 'lights
too: —

He's ta'en; — and hark, they shout for joy.
(*Shout.*)

Cas. Come down, behold no more. —
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter Pindarus.

Come hither, firrah:
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That, what so ever I did bid thee do,
 Thou should'st attempt it. Come, now keep thine
 oath;

Now be a free man; and, with this good sword,
 That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bo-
 som.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilt;
 And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
 Guide thou the sword. — Caesar thou art re-
 veng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. (*Kills himself.*)

(*Pind.* So I am free; yet would not so have
 been,

Durst I have done my will. Oh, Cassius!

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him (*Exit.*)

Reenter Titinius and Messala.

Mes. It is but charge, Titinius; for Octavius
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
 But Cassius is no more. Oh, setting sun!
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,

So

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
 The sun of Rome is set! our day is gone;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
 done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
 deed.

Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
 Thou never com'st unto an happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus? Where art thou, Pin-
 darus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
 For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
 As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala, (*Exit. Mes.*)
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
 shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding — Brutus, come apace;
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
 By your leave, Gods. — This is a Roman's
 part. (*Stabs himself.*)
 Come Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *Dies.*
Alarm.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. (*Low alarms.*)

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius! —

Bru. Are yet two Romans living, such as these?
Thou last of all the Romans! fare the well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay. —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. —

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come; —

And come, young Cato; let us to the field, —
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on: —

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go
with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field: —

I am

I am the son of Marcus Cato, — ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, — ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
 Brutus, my country's friend: — know me for
 Brutus. *(Exit.)*

Luc. Oh young and noble Cato, art thou down?
 Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;
 And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
 There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
(Offering money.)

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not. — A noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1. Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the ge-
 neral: —

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord —

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
 I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
 The Gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
 He wil be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness. I had rather have
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
 And see if Brutus be alive or dead:
 And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd. *(Exeunt.)*

SCE.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato,
and Volumnius.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
this rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus —
(*Whispering.*)

Cli. What I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh, Dardanius!

Dar. Oh, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than

Than tarry, 'till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
(*Alarm still.*)

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying
here.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you, Vo-
lumnus.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. — Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well, at once; for Brutus tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

(*Alarm. Cry within.*) Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly. —

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

I pr'y thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. — Caesar, now
be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

(*He runs on his sword, and dies.*)

Alarm.

Alarm. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala: The conquerors can but make a fire of him; For Brutus only overcame himself, And no one else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. --- I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all: All the conspirators save only he, Did that they did in envy of great Caesar; He, only, in a general honest thought, And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle; and the elements So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up, And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue, let us use him; With all respect, and rites of burial. Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie, Most like a soldier, order'd honourably. — So, call the field to rest: and let's away, To part the glories of this happy day. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

Errata. P. 2. lin. 30. l. you bloks. P. 10. v. 25. l. spot pro sport. P. 18. lin. ult. l. who it is. P. 53. v. 10. l. strife pro strife.

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